JAMES SHEPHERD PIKE.

On Man-Reflections During the Civil War.

If any being but man himself were to comment upon his relative position in the universe, it seems quite likely he would be put in a very different light from that in which he

Infelicissimus" may alike be written upon the histories of the living and the dead. Human life is one universal wall. High and low, rich and poor, the lucky and unlucky of the world, all alike join in the general Jeremiad.

The multitude go groaning, grumbling, and complaining, sighing and whining through the world because of something they have or something they have not.

The only exception is the little holy band The dwell in imagination in the hand of vidence, who believe in subduing every worldly passion and every worldly appetite ad who know that no sparrow ever falls to the ground without the direct interposition of

their Heavenly Father.

But this is only a very small class. The great mass is the walling tribe of Jeremiah, and their only Bible is the Book of Lamentations. There are great advantages in a long life. One's experiences multiply vastly by the lapse of time, especially if ho leads a varied life.

We witness the beginning and end of so many careers. Contemporary life becomes a panorama, with constantly shifting scenes and figures. We see so many out down and massing out of life with a single experience. and that brief that we learn to cherish a lively satisfaction at being ourselves permitted to enjoy so many. We are like persons who are admitted to a vast museum of interesting ouriceities, and who have time to pass from room to room, to linger, and to return again and again until we exhaust them all, while thousands enter who are forced to retire as soon as they have passed the threshold, after seeing just enough to give them a longing deire to view what is left.

In this wretched war how many noble souls are early laying down their lives, with hopes as warm and longings as ardent as our own. Yet the night comes, the darkness falls and forever shuts the scenes of earth from their gaze. Unhappy they, and thrice accursed those who have initiated this bloody chapter of our history and brought this dreadful fate upon such vast numbers of our people. It is impossible not to feel a desire to wield the thunderbolt of Almighty power, to crush the niscreants who have brought this woe upon a happy land.

There is a great difference between wise men and what are commonly called great men. A man becomes noted as a lawyer, an orator, or a writer, and forthwith he is elevated to high public office and deemed fitted for any station. And yet how many such are totally infitted to lead or give advice in the management of affairs? The rarest and most useful of all qualities is sound judgment, which is in fact what we call wisdom.

Being an orator does not confer it, but is, on the contrary, prima facie evidence against its possession. And this is just as true of the facile writer and acute and able lawyer. What makes the orator, the writer, the lawyer is special gifts, each peculiarly suited to shine in its own sphere. And of such gifts Mature is not prodigal.

They are not often found all in the same man. The best lawyer is seldom the best talker, and vice versa. The orator par excellence is usually little else.

The faculty of clear discernments and sound deductions therefrom, which makes the man of wisdom, is as much of a gift as any other and quite as rare. It is a detect of our popular institutions, thus far, that this class of men has been much overlooked in the composition of our public assemblies.

They have been filled by the showy, pushing,

and especially the talking men, the inference seeming generally to be that if a man can talk fluently, he can do anything else.

The difference between the wise man and many of the men of the classes referred to, is the difference between show and substance. Now and then we see the union of all the qualities in one, but the case is exceptional.

I do not say we are not to look at the ability to write or speak well as evidence that men | the domain of thought, but they generally play ssessing gifts of this sort are men of wisdom. for this is a kind of evidence by no means to be overlooked. The difficulty is that it is taken as conclusive evidence, which it is not. And, what is worse still, it has been too generally assumed to be the only kind of admissible evidence of capacity for public affairs.

In this way quiet but substantial qualities have been set aside wholly as offering no claim to public service, and the country has suffered mit. It is quite time another rule was applied to the selection of our public servants. Truth and humanity make their way in the

world, nobody knows how fast. A good book, il written, is an ever living teacher. It is said the Queen of England keeps always

en her table the writings of Dr Channing.

How much have this excellent man's writings had to do in shaping her opinions of slavery and of the Northern people, toward

whom it is known she has friendly feelings? But it would be a mistake to suppose any mber of the dynastic families of Europe enertains a warm regard for anything American For they all regard America with an evil eye. and would one and all rejoice to see our avaof government overturned. It is antago mistic to the European system, and its success ensures the final downfall of the hereditary

ruling families of the European continent.

The bare material facts of human life afford no satisfaction of any kind to the mind, and heir daily repetition is only wearisome. To one who is reduced to the low level of dwelling on them alone, life is nothing but the counting of links in a chain. Each day's occupation is the same, and existence becomes mere treadmill. The pleasure in such a case would not seem to consist in prolonging the experience, but in ending it. It is thus that people whose faculties are dim or gone, get tired and weary and find existence a burden.

We cannot thus fail to appreciate the posion of faculties which carry a man's houghts out of himself and away from the

material objects of his daily experiences. In this way one discovers new kingdoms, through his intellectual conceptions, contain ng treasures of infinite variety and exhaust less abundance. Here he may indulge in inacts of his own personal experience, and awell amid riches and splendors of which the

great mass of mortals never dream. It is a lesson hard to learn, which the should live his own life, and exalt and mag affy it. But the race of mankind are such monkeys and snobs that they are forever seduced into following some ignis fatuus of the romancers and poets, who were born to curse mankind with pictures of an imaginary felicity. Happiness, as full and complete as the imperfections of our humanity will allow, is just as much within the reach of one man as another, so far as his station in life goes. A man may even enjoy comfort from reflecting what he would like to have, but cannot. There is enjoyment in the imagination of unenjoyed

deasures. Desire itself is a pleasure. Thare is no ennul so complete, no sense of weariness so entire. as comes of the feeling of being abic to pussess all we have a fancy for. The rich and factionable pleasure hunters of high station domonstrate this to every man al heres to see and understanding to reflect.

not be described. He found its highest point.

Rousseau says, real happiness can-

he declares, eating his dinner off a trunk in a It is the remark of a wise man, that it is healthful to cultivate the sentiment every one is created to fill his own niche in the

world and nobody else's.

True dignity will be consulted by accepting the fact cheerfully and making the most of it. every one is entitled to claim the respect of others, if he respects himself. Large or small, high or low, learned or unlearned, every one can do this. But peevish complaints or unavailing regrets or jealousy or vain ambition or envy, belittle the character until it loses all claim to any kind of consideration. But a noble nature, self-sustained, no matter what its circumstances, can never fall into contempt, but must always command respect and

It is a weakness of man to complain. Especially is it a weakness of eminent persons to consider the attacks which their eminence invites as intolerable and unparalleled.

They forget that mankind is ignorant, selfish, envious, and too often malevolent. From their ignorance and prejudice arises a perversity in judging, which it is hard to comprehand and harder still to bear.

Good men thus often think that the calumnies, of which they are the subject, are too gigantle ever to have been endured by any other mortal, while the fact is, that nearly all prominent men suffer alike in this respect.

I have lived long enough and seen people

enough to know that those whose names are most in the mouth of the world, are neither the greatest, best, nor wisest of mankind. I am persuaded that narrowness and preju-

dice and dogged obstinacy are the most effeetive qualities to make an efficient society and a great people. We want them, along with some other good qualities, doubtless such as industry and temperance and energy and activity and skill and honesty.

But a community of what we should call theoretically perfect characters might make a very inefficient and useless body, that would never make any head nor do any good in the world. Let us, then, encourage the growth of judicious imperfections in human character.

I take for my illustrations of this theory the Scotch, the New Englanders, and the Dutch. Those are the foremost and toughest and best people on the face of the earth, and they are preëminent examples of the qualities I have enumerated. All are great because of them. and would not be so great as they are without them. It is an easy way of criticism to point out a man's lacks. It is very easy to say he isn't this or he isn't that; therefore he is of no wellington is reckoned something of a man

in his way, but what did he know about literature, and what sort of a fist would be have made in a legal argument or in the writing of Paradise Lost?"

Mankind are only pebbles of different shapes and values and kinds. The ruby cannot be an emerald or a sap-

phire, and even the diamond is of different qualities, and at best may sometimes be eclipsed by another jewel.

The only true way to estimate a man is by

taking the gauge of his positive faculties and estimating their kind as well as quality. This may involve the observation of his deficien-cies, but these deficiencies, unless they create defects in the qualities he has, are not to be reckoned to his disadvantage in a fair estimate of his character.

Individual opinion is of small account, if a

man has any action to perform, that tells on human affairs, that has weight and gives significance to that man's opinions.

But the great mass of men, even thinking. philosophical minds, are of small importance in all their speculations, ratiocinations, and udgments, except as they may go to develop or illustrate abstract truth. What A thinks or B thinks on this problem

or that, on this probability or that, is all very well in making up the chat of a vacant hour; but as to its being of any significance or conself-consciousness of individuals generally leads them to think, is a vast mistake. Even the opinions and judgments of men in power. which might seem to be in a measure controlling upon human events, are often, if not generally, so balanced and controlled or thwarted by those of others in similar circumstances oninions of mankind are thus both generally and especially not worthy of grave utterance, but may be thrown out as footballs for those who want amusement. My experience leads me to have no respect for anything but sober, plodding, common sense for the management of affairs. The occentric, the imaginative, the speculative, the theoretic belong somewhere else. They may be ornamental and entertain. ing, but they are not useful. They eternally make fools of themselves and mischief for others. The impulses of genius are good in

the devil in practical affairs. If we assume that the earth and the things of earth are in a state of development instead of moving in a circle of birth and decay, we may imagine that the present races of men will produce a higher type of existence than

the world has yet seen. Our imagination can hardly picture to itself a race of beings formed like ourselves who would far exceed mankind; and if we go a little beyond this supposition it is easy enough to conceive a race of beings to which our ordi

nary individual man would bear no comparison in powers or perfections. If our intimations of man's early existence are not delusive by reason of the supposition that in former enochs he may have been swept away by overwhelming convulsions of nature, with all his works, then we may fairly presume that a race which has risen from the rude condition of the prohistoric ages to its

present height, may, under favorable conditions, go far higher. Nothing seems to militate against this idea, except the theory that man has always existed, and that in the order of nature. when a certain elevation in man's condition is reached, everything is thrown into chaos, man and his works included, leaving only s few individual specimens, and it may be very poor ones, as the seeds of a new epoch, or as

we may say o! a new world. We know nothing in the system of things, why a convulsion of Nature might not utterly swallow all the evidences of existing civilization, leaving only a few savages on the mountain peaks, and that then tens of thousands of centuries might clapse before the earth reassumed conditions equal to the present.

Seneca says: "Wisdom allows nothing to be good which will not be so forever: no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happiness than that which is within himself." Xenophon, in speaking of the administration of justice in Egypt, remarks: "That the Judges might not be imposed upon, so as to pass unjust decrees, the pleaders were forbidden that delusive elequence which dazzles the

exposed the matters of fact with a clear and nervous brevity, stripped of all false ornaments of reasoning."
"When a man died he was put on trial. If culpable, burial was refused him. If he was not convigad af any orime against the gods of his country. he was entombed with honor, and a panegyric made upon him, without mention-

understanding and moves the passions; they

ng anything of his birth or descent." There is an age when men should begin to count the days and make most of them. Up o a late period, too often, in life, they drive and hurry through the world as though all de-

pended on their speed. They are anxious for the day's duties to be begun, anxious to have their end. Instead of hoarding life, they aim to spend it. This is all wrong at any time, but it is especially wrong when the sun of life is past the meridian. We can't then afford to be hurrying our days away. Every one should be treated as a welcame visitor whose presence is to be enjoyed whose star is to be entrested, and the hour of whose departure is to be deprecated.

Each day should be regarded as a valuable gift and possession, granted for use, which we must carefully husband, and whose entire resources we should not fail to use up. The aggregate of man's doings is great; the

amount done by one individual, very little. The nive gets filled with honor, but the labors of any single bee are so small that if they were never performed, the less would not be

Man skips from nothingness on to this whiriing globe. He finds beneath his feet the changes occasioned by millions of years that have passed. He is told of the doings of unnumbered generations of men who have preceded him. He is informed of the laws and the wonders of all natura. He is pointed to the achievements of the living. He scarcely takes in his own position before he skips

again, and is in eternity.

We think the world is ours. Nothing is less true than that. We are only casual visitors, passing travellers who stay but a day. We have not time to view our stopping place before we are gone. We cannot even take in the past; much less are we able to anticipate the future; and yet the future of our race is its

most interesting feature.

There is nothing on earth so sad as human life: and when it is the life of a renowned and unbappy poet, I shudder to hear its story in its connections with the material objects which surrounded it. To go over the haunts of Burns, Scott, Byron (these are the shockingly familiar names to all Americans) is like go ing to a crucifizion; a hanging is nothing to it. Overworking the brain is very apt to cause it to expire before the other bodily forces.

From Mariborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow and Swift expires, a driveller and a show. Old Lyman Beecher's mind gave way long before his body. Indeed, second childhood is recognized as a human condition.

Yet many active-minded men's brains hold out to the last. It has been the case with our Chief Justices, Marshail and Taney. So in English Chancellors, Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham.

The true condition for longevity of both mind and body is reasonable exercise of both. and no overwork. The military men are one evidence of this in

general, though Mariborough seems to have been an exception.

There are Wellington and Radetsky and Gen. Scott of our times.

There were Van Tromp and Andreas

Doria, though the former was not very old. There have been plenty of old philosophers and some old poets and painters, but the flery, active mind given up to brain work has not been often found enduring to a great age. Often it Interrupts the courses of the body and destroys it. But where it finds the body

firmly knit and resistant, it goes out and leaves the case in good trim.

Voltairs is the only example I recall of the kind of mental organization I refer to, where the mind held out as long as the body, and

both reached a great age. Nothing comes of our reflections, except the exceeding great pleasure enjoyed in them. and this: that what is, was, and always will be. We can trace the existence of those who pre-

ceded us in a previous geological epoch by their bones and their flint tools, and we can go back of them to the age of the lowest animate and inanimate existences; but who and what preceded those?
Gigantic convulsions may have swallowed in

subterranean fires a great humanity and all its works, together with all living things, animate and inanimate, excepting here and there the seeds of what has been and now is. All this is more plausible than any theory of development or creation.

I wish some one out of the multitudes who

are forever boasting of the great capacities of man and extelling his abilities, would take the trouble to mark the limitation of his power. and dwell a little on this.

It is sometimes much more instructive to reflect on what man does not know, and cannot know, than on what he knows. It encourages the growth of a very necessary humility.

For my part, I am persuaded man is much more of an ass than he considers himself to be. He professes to be learned on subjects on which he really has no sound information at all. He has no knowledge of his origin or his destiny. He knows nothing of the early history of the globe on which he lives, or the relations it holds in the universe. Whence came it, or whither will it go? What does he know of that? Just as much as the batched gos ling of yesterday, and no more.

Behold the existing systems of human government. What a commentary on the intelligence of mankind! Look at the systems of theology with which men have perplexed and do perplex themselves. Could ever such absurdities be predicted of reasonable creatures? Poor, ignorant, pretentious, strug gling, baffled, throat-cutting mankind! What follies. what absurditles, what ignorances, what mountebankisms have thus far illustrated your wretched and bloody career!

No man can raise himself either by bugging at his own waistband, or by grasping at the methods on which the strength of vain man is largely expended.

One man writes a criticism on Shakespeare and another translates Homer, both having the ambition to associate their names with

one which is immortal. Why will not men be content with their own proper proportions and relative size in the universe, and not try to make themselves taller by climbing on stilts, or by inflating themselves, like the frog in the fable?

It is all of no use. No man is either greater wiser or stronger than nature made him let him strain ever so much, whether at his own waistband, or at other people's coat tails, or in climbing on stilts.

If one's circumstances are disagreeable, and it is impossible to better them, of what use is it to dwell on them? This is merely to scrape the bones of the skeleton in your closet, thinking it will look the better for it, or rattle them in the hope that the music will be consoling. The true way is to turn your face in an oppo aite direction, and find some more pleasant

subject of contemplation.

High and low, man is frail. And it is the curse of public station that it often requires as a paramount necessity that one head shall think for many: and this often leads to the feeling that independence is desertion.

It takes a broad understanding, an expansive nature, a wide experience and a wise judgment to estimate men correctly while one is engaged in the active management of affairs. History proclaims that these qualities alone have been the test of success in all ages. Few men are born thus happily endowed, and fewer still are taught by the lessons of experience furnished by the history of others, for men of action are seldom students of any book but the broad open pages of the times in which they act. Thus in every age the follies as well as the crimes of men have been repeated, till the record of the unwisdom of man has everywhere become

monotonous from repetition. Modesty does well with great men, but not so well with small.

The great mass of mankind are mostly measured by their own estimate of themselves. A man who pays attention to appearances imposes himself upon others as a man of consequence, is so treated, whether he has intrinsic claims to consideration or not.

## To Reclaim the Majave Besert. From the San Francisco Chronicle.

SAN BERNARDING, May 8. - During the past few weeks there has been formulated a plan to irrigate the largest tract of land in one body to be found in Southern California. This will be accomplished by damming the Mojave River at Victor, creating an artificial lake ninmiles long three miles wide, and 130 feet in depth, water sufficient to irrigate 200,000 acres of desert land. The Victor Reservoir Company has been quietly at work for weeks securing options on land and water rights. Some wealthy Eastern men have taken stock in the company, and it is announced that contracts may be entered into at once fo

The water will be diverted upon Government land now unoccupied and subject to settlement and reclamation. It is estimated that the salire cost of construction will be less than a infilion dollars, and the prometers of the enterprise are sanguine of success.

SOME PARIS HOSPITALS. WHERE THE SICK ARE CARED FOR IN THE GAY PRENCH CAPITAL

HE SUN, SUNDAY, MAX 21, 1893.

Metal Burannerney and Hed Tape, and Un-

derlying Practical Socialism-The Hospi-

tal Tenon with Its Thousand Free Beds-

Admirable System of Distotles, with Pies.

Pants, April 30,-Paris has such an air of

gay prosperity that it is long before American residents become aware of such ugly things

as hospitals. My own experience was thrust upon me. An ill-spelled little note, smelling

ty of Good Wine for Convalencents.

Yaintly medical, gave information that an un-lucky young person, known and befriended by my family, was down with the black measshe had been removed, or public aules. She had been removed, by public authority, from her maneard to the sheds of Aubervilliers devoted to contagious diseases. I was innocent enough to make my way to the Central Bureau of Hospital Admissions, opposite the Hotel de Ville, though long before this I had become acquainted with the drag of French bureaucracy. I threaded my way through this mazy and lazy paradise of municipal clerks to the Department of Infor-mation and Requests. A benevolent young fellow, lounging over his cigarette, turned the tables on me with a round of examination:

"What is your name? Your nationality, calling, age, length of residence in Paris? What is your relation to the sick person? How did you become aware of her illness? What do you know about the sick person? What is her age, nationality, calling, and



length of residence in Paris? Have you yourself made your declaration d'étranger at the Prafacture?

These questions having been answered, I was told a report would be sent me containing full details. The fact that I knew the details already did not weigh with the department. Obviously I could get no permission until the case had been duly brooded over. As a fact, I did receive, some twelve days later, an elaborately filled-up blank. This was only three days before the invalid was received back into

Meanwhile I cut the knot of the difficulty by doing what I should have done before. I took



the cars for Saint-Denis, where the grimy little district of Auborvilliers lies between the empty tombs of certain Kings of France and the Paris fortifications. It is a black district, growing more mean and ugly every block the atreet car jingles on. It is a district of workingmen who are half toughs, toughs who are half workingmen, of loafing boys and slattern women. In summer it is choking hot. Everywhere are factories belching the oily smoke of soft coal, everywhere the monotonous grimygray of dirty stone fronts, with even the foliage of the trees powdered by the smut. Beyond the fortifications is the Flain of Saint-Denis. You cross this park of poverty, and see, spreading along the black line of the Centure (Belti Bailway, the flat wooden sheds of the Aubervilliers Hospital. Their groat and only addistrict of Auborvilliers lies between the



vantage is seclusion. They are situated in a lonely field, hounded on one side by the cut of the Ceinture and on the other by the fosses and ramparts of the fortifications. More than all they are secluded by their sinister reputation, for even small-pox cases are sent to Aubenyilliers. The cheap picnines of the Plain to Aubenyilliers. The cheap picnines of the Plain to Saint-Denis leave off a full quarter of a mile away; and only a solitary little shanty-like cale and garden at the entrance, for the accommodation of visitors, is to be seen. As a fact, the most unwary philanthropist could hardly take any harm out here. The only entrance is a narrow gateway. It leads to the first out-building, with the offices; back of these, each in its turr, are small wooden huildings for the measles, the searlet fever, and small-pox. It would not be hard to pass from one to another without knowing what you are about.

At Aubervilliers there was none of the red tape which gives its character to the central



bureau. It was here I first made acquaintance with a spirit which seems the unique possession of certain Paris hospitals. A foreigner, of course, can only have impressions; my very strong impression was of a spirit of practical socialism.

strong impression was of a spirit of practical socialism.

At the door I made known my errand, which was to deliver a basket of delicacies leave some money, and, if possible, to see the invalid—all of which was granted, although had no permit. The custodian, without ceasing to smoke his cigarette, enveloped himself in a long linen duster, and started off with the chicaen, the fruit, the hiscuits, and the cologne water. He only berred the wine, saying that the head bhyairian was altogether opposed to its use. Then he instructed me to make a detour outside the grounds, which would bring me on top of the fortifications op-

posite the measure shed. The invalid was already able to walk outside a little, and could be talked with seroes the losse.

Above and below the ramparis there were a law stray losfers, games de Paris, and games also—games de Paris, only more so, for they were of Saint-Denis or La Chapelle. When the infected young lady made her appearance on the other side of the most they in suged in loud pleasantries, and one began a mock serenade in a high falvetto roics. But they were good-natured and had eridently seen the same performance many a time before. When the invalid complained loudly less was fifty feet away! that she had been colleged to divide her delicacles with the other sufferers in the shed, one of the boys called back to her it was all right—she should be glad to share with those worse off than she!

Altogether, I took myself away, not knowing whether to admire, or not, so much liberty, equality, and fraternity.

II. Of the lerge hospitals, that in which I have been most interested is the Hospital Tenon. It lies in the district of Père-Lachaise, at Mé-nilmontant. The neighborhood fairly teems with a respectable, though advanced Socialist, population of workingmen. On the walls of



the Mairie I read the following bid for election to the City Council; it was signed by "Henri Place, printer. Social-Revolutionist candidate, approved by the Revolutionist Committee of the Twentieth district."

Riscrons. During these years has the situation of Riscrons. During these years has the situation of the country and of Paris grown better? Mylecthing not. Writchedness is always as great lack of work welfshas heavily on the working classes; wages have fallen; and bankruptcy presen yet more closely on small businesses. Tuined by the competition of the great stores. I have nothing to change in my pro-gramme of 1800. faller; and bankrupacy amail businesses, ruined by the comme in my programmal businesses. I have nothing to change in my programme of 1850:

Revision of the Constitution, Suppression of the Senate and the Fresidency of the Republic, Amnesty for all victims of Political and Social injustice, and the Defence of the People against those who exploit them. If you known me with your votes lengage:

Never to intrigue for the office of Deputy during my term of office, never to youe for a Candidate to the Senate; to demand with snergy the Municipal Rights of Faris; to demand the limitation of the number of foreign workingmen in Paris, the suppression of the municipal Octros, and the securing of the rights of our own Quartier.

The more than paternal rule of the already Socialist municipality has seen to it that the



district, like all other suburba is well lighted and served with water; that the apartment houses of which it is composed are well constructed, and that there are numerous small pirks, squares, and breathing places.

The Hospital Tenon faces such a breathing place, a narrow wooded park in the centre of a wide street. One side is called the Rus de Japon and the other the Rus de Chine. Here sprawi in the shade innumerable bables, reveiling in the dirt and gravel, bables at the breast who err to get down in the dirt, bables at the dirt who erry to get down in the dirt, bables at the dirt who erry to get back to the breast. The boy children, as soon as they can walk, are put into blouses—the willul uniform of the Parls workingman—and the little girls dommonly wear dresses of the same coarse blue material. They sit all day with the children in this park. One girl will be tending the combined bables of half a dozen households while their mammas are at work; another will



do a trade in cakes and fruit or flowers, to be bought and taken to hospital patients by visitors. And, as they have taken the park to themselves for family use, so they seem to look upon the hospital behind it as nothing less than an extension of their houses.

Theoretically, red tape still rules the central bureau, and at the Charité and some others things go on as in old times. The sick poor are still in the position of sick poor in all lands—petitioners, helpless, anxious, and possibly despised. But, as a matter of fact, at least at the Tenon, admission even for a trifling illness is almost as free as air. The



people, especially 'those of the quarter, appear to look upon it as their own possession. On visiting days they walk in without permits, submit with a joke to being lightly searched by easy-going custodians, and once they are inside they roam about the vast halls and fine garden at their own free will. Whole families of well-combed children, their



beds, and attendants beam, responsive to the easy joy. In sum, there is an amazing lack of supervision. The hospital seems to run itself. Unfortunately, however, this question, like every other, has two sides. There are those who claim that the years of the state the chiefs give more willing attention to attractive patients than to poor old women; that the girl nursan are ingorant, untrained, and feather-brained, and that the lack of a serious epirit is prejudicial to the best qualities of a hospital. All this means just one thing—the results of the expulsion of the Sisters of Charity, which began in the times of Jules Forry, and has been always going on. At the last elections a strong agitation, independent of politics, was made in their behalf. It was contended that their return to the hospitals would bring about a more serious moral atmosphere, honesty, and devotedness.

The Hospital Tenon is so named in memory of the celebrated surgeon and medical reformer. Tenon, who, in the last century, before the revolution, did so much to bring shout a change in the hospitals of his time. "Hospitals," he said, "serve to measure a people's civilization. They are better suited to its needs and better kept, in proportion as the people is more united, more humane, and more instructed."

In Tenon's time, in some of the Paris hospitals, four, five, and even six sick persons were sometimes put in one large bed. Fever patients, wounded people, women in pregnancy, small-pox eases, itch patients, and all the rest were backed together. For that matter, even thirty years ago, the celebrated surgeon Nélaton, in his ignorance of modern antiseptie principles, laughed at his young disciples who washed their hands too scrupulously. At the present day these principles are so thoroughly carried out that there is scarcely a death from either purspersior the old hospital fever in the hospitals of Paris.

In the Hospital Tenon there are nearly a thousand free beds. By the term free it is meant that no one is refused because of poverty. While being tended the circumstances of each patient are looked up, and each one



who is able is required to pay some sixty cents a day. Those who are not able, pay nothing. This system prevents the hospital taking on a poor-house air and. I imagine, would serve to keep attendants civil to all, should any spur be needed. Convalescents, also, are often allowed to stay on free until they are quite cured, in return for work which they may do.

Although the hospital sometimes seems to run itself, so great is the liberty enjoyed in it, the minute bookkeeping of the French still finds scope for itself in a thousand ways, from numbering baby linen to organizing lunch and dinner menus.

Sick people are submitted to different diets, according to the prescriptions of physicians. Those who receive solid food are also served rations according to three grades. For example, those who are in the first degree of appetite would have for lunch soup and reast meat, and for dinner soup and fish. In the second degree the quantity of roast meat, and for dinner soup and fish. In the second degree the quantity of roast meat at lunch would be double, with potatoes added; while at dinner a cooked salad would be given with the fish. In the third degree the lunch would comprise hearty beef in oil and lentils cooked in butter, and dinner would bring roast meat, with potatoes cooked in butter. As for wine, every one taking solid food has from half a litre to a litte of it each and every day. A litre is seveneighths of a quart.

Twice a year the city of Paris buys nearly 2,000,000 litres of various kinds of wines for its hospitals and refuges. Expert tasters are





nervousness of forty ailing men or women, now and again a sob is hear!, a sob which the gayety of the "Three Musketeers" or "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Soa" has only been shie to keep half thrust back throughout the day. Next morning some neighbor will complain that So-and-so was crying in the night. The doctor fixes up a larmiess opiato and feeds it to the girl next evening, and sowel, so it goes Even with lentils cooked in hutter and with full rations of red wine, the hospital is not a home.

STERLING HEILIG.

Rome Saved by the Queen and the Pope From the Correspondance de Rome.

Emperof William's passion for uniforms and his hobby for nocturnal aleries and the ma-

Emperof William's passion for uniforms and his hobly for nocturnal aleries and the mancuvring of troops are well known.

The great clock of the Quirinal struck midnight. Conversation began to die away, and the princes and courtiers made no effort to conceal their fatigue. The Emperor alone appeared wide awake and full of energy. He was dabbling with a cup of tea. Suddenly he turned to King Humbert. "Your Majesty does not want to retire." said he. "With your permission we will now go through a most interesting experience. Sound the alarm and call out the froops:

"Such a thing would be strange and quite contrary to our custom." replied the hing. "That is another rosson why it should be done." said the Emperor. "There is nothing like it for keeping your officers and soilers in shape. Hend out the order for the troops to proceed immediately to the manusuring are to make the middle of the sail such as the sail such

PREHISTORIC AMERICANS.

PINE DAKOTA FOSSILS AT THE NAT-URAL HISTORY MUSEUM. This Three-tord Rhinoceron Trod the West Before the Rocky Mountains Were Born -Skuil of a Buby Titanotherium Which May Be Half a Million Years Old. There is a three-toed rhinoceros, some hundrads of thousands years old, maybe, in the

American Museum of Natural History. He is remarkably well preserved, considering his age, and is also interesting from the fact that, as the paleontologists read his history, he is the only one of his herd who escaped mutilation by the crocodiles and alligators of his time, when he was deposited, after death, in a lake which existed in South Dakota near what is now the Pine Ridge Indian reservation. This three-tood rhinoceros is also known by the pretty name of Aceratherium tridactylum, and his home for, say, half a million years has been in a bed of stone 800 feet thick. partment of mammalian paleontology and each summer an expedition sets forth to dig among the prehistoric rocks of the far West and bring back its fossil treasures, which are freed from their incrusting rock by skilled workman in the museum, and mounted to show what kind of strange beasts flew, crept, swam, and walked about this continent so many years ago that the experts refuse to make even a guess on the subject.

The museum is working to secure fossil. specimens which shall trace the evolution of animal life from the time when a great lake stretched from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico where mountains now are, showing, for instance, the changes in the horse from the time when he was no bigger than a fox and boasted of five toes, up to date. The collectors are usually delighted when they find enough of a skeleton from which to construct a whole, so there was special joy when the expedition lass summer quarried out of that South Dakota cafion a block containing an almost perfect skeleton-a crocodile or flood had torn away only a part of one foreleg-of a rhinoceros whe lived in the miocene period.

He died rather long ago to make possible

any very exact report of the circumstances concerning his burial, but it is guessed that he died on the bank of a lively stream, that his body was at once overtaken by a freshet and washed down to the lake. where the continuing freshet buried him in sand which is now solid rock, and his esteemed remains were thereafter never disturbed until the young men from the museum quarried him out.
He is—that is, his skeleton is—eight feet long and four feet high, and in structure he closely resembles the living rhinoceros of Sumatra. Prof. H. F. Osborn, curator of the



the would have for lunch soup and roast meat and for dinner soup and file. In the second degree the quantity of roast meat at junch would be double, with potatoes and would will be at the second the property beef in oil and lentile cooked in butter, and dinner would bring roast meat, with potatoes cooked in butter. As for wine, every one taking soild food has from half a litre to eighthe of a quart. A litre is seven eighthe of a quart. The titre of the cooked in butter. The wine as a year the city of Paris buys nearly 2,000,000 litres of various kinds of wines for its hospitals and refuges. Expert tasters are its hospitals and refuges. Expert tasters are taken out in three pieces, and there want any shade. The rock containing him was taken out in three pieces and each piece was awardied like a mummy in burlaps as taken out in three pieces. All the second over the socreting country, and shipped to Now York. When the three pieces wandled like a mummy in burlaps as taken out in three pieces, and each piece was awardied like a mummy in burlaps as taken out in three pieces, and each piece was awardied like a mummy in burlaps assurated in kiles. So that if there were not each piece was awardied like a mummy in burlaps assurated in kiles. So that if there were not each piece was awardied like a mummy in burlaps assurated in kiles. So that if there were not each piece was awardied like a mummy in burlaps assurated in kiles. So that if there were not each piece was awardied like a mummy in burlaps assurated in kiles. So that if there were not each piece was awardied like a mummy in burlaps assurated to be seen to be soon to museum visitors that volumes of eight ordinary red wines, with a result costing the city cleven cents the sites. This wine.

The lile of a nation at the Tenon is all apped out for him.

The cleaning up of the wards begins at 50 clock A. M. From 8 to 10 the doctors to their round, at 10 clock branch to brought the provided t

getting along toward the exhibition state as rapidly as could be expected. His whole skeleton is there, and will come out of the workmen's hands so clean and finished as to be a source of pride to him, if his miocene soul could only know. They have the skull of a baby Titanotherium which came to a sad end before his cranial sutures had knit together. One might be at a loss to say just why, but it is a little droll to think of so young a thing having lived before the Rocky Mountains had attained their full growth.

If it had not been for something that happened back there, an earthquake, maybe, sportsmen would now be hunting deers with four sets of horns. This interesting fact, which Prof. Osborn can demonstrate to you as easily as falling off a log, is shown by a skull of a protoceras, a little fellow who was much like the modern Traguline deer, except that his skull shows him to have had protuberances, which were the beginning of horns, on top of his snout, just back of the eyes, a little further back and over the eyes, and in front of the eyes. This made four sets, and if his development had not been unhapply arrested, he would now be going about with eight horns, or there is nothing in the law of evolution.

BROKE UP A SITTING HEN. A Bucolic Myth Dissipated in a Connecticut Thunder Storm.

MANSFIELD, May 20.-It is a bucolic adage of immemorial antiquity in the Land of Steady Habits that nothing on earth can " break up & setting hen." ordinarily resolute, except deaths but the hoary maxim has just been successfully impugned in this hill-upholstered town --infact controverted and rebutted. A thunderbolt did the butting and rebutting, and is was one of the long, dirzy, kinky, twisted, weirdly colored boits that have been ex-tremely fashionable in Connecticut for the past three years.

The term to break up a sitting hen is understood in the Nutmeg State to mean: to impoverish her animal economy of the dozged, hereditary, instinctive predetermination